The Intermezzo

A MUSICAL MONTHLY

JAN., 1906

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PUBLISHED BY

THE INTERMEZZO CO.

210 OLIVE STREET ST. LOUIS, MO.

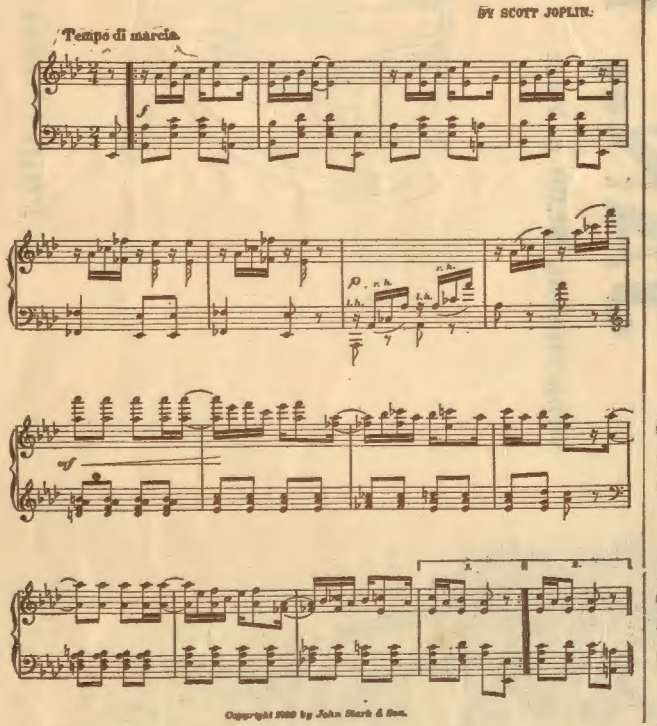
RAGTIME THAT IS DIFFERENT.

MAPLE LEAF RAG.

"Maple Leaf Rag" marks an era in music composition. It has throttled and silenced those who opposed syncopations. It is played by the culture of all nations and is welcomed in the drawing rooms and boudoirs of good taste. No pianist can do without Maple Leaf.

MAPLE LEAF RAG.

BY SCOTT JOPLIN.



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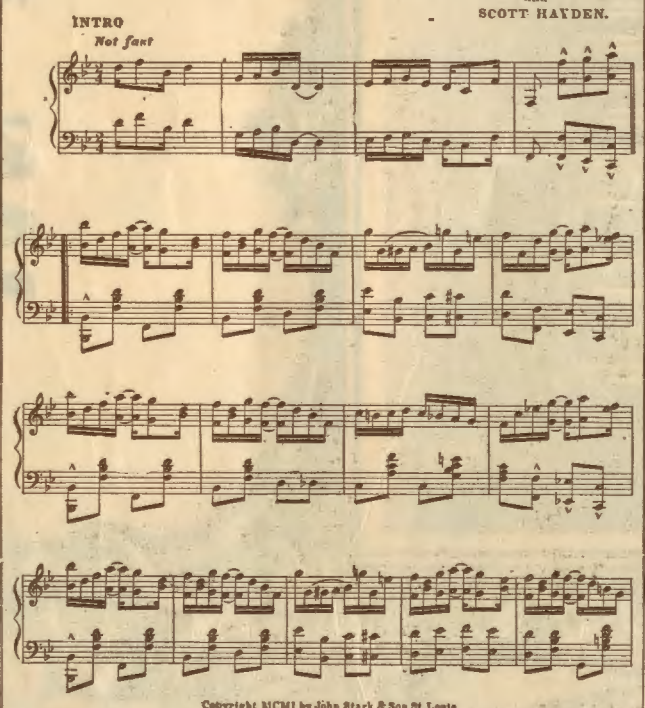
SUNFLOWER SLOW DRAG.

"Sunflower Slow Drag." This is Joplin's favorite, and there are many who think it superior to the world famous Maple Leaf. It was written during Joplin's courtship and is intensly sentimental. It positively beggars description. You will like it the first time you hear it, and you will like it better when you hear it 100 times or more. Don't overlook it in your order. It is GREAT.

SUN FLOWER SLOW DRAG.

RAG TIME TWO STEP.

By SCOTT JOPLIN and SCOTT HAYDEN.



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THE CASCADES.

"The Cascades." The latest and one of the greatest of the Joplin rags. Hear it, and you can fairly feel the earth wave under your feet. It is as high-class as Chopin and is creating a great sensation among musicians. Don't neglect it in making np your order.

THE CASCADES.

A RAG.

SCOTT JOPLIN.
Composer of "Maple Leaf Rag."

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THE INTERMEZZO.

A MUSICAL MONTHLY.

ISSUED ON THE 10th OF EACH MONTH.

JOHN STARK, - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.
W. P. STARK, - - - - - - - BUSINESS MANAGER.

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If a combination of tones—instrumental music—is a language, it is an unknown tongue. It appeals to the intellect and to the hearts with as many different messages as there are intellects and hearts. As there are no two leaves in all the world's forests alike—as there are no two faces in all the nations of this world exactly alike, so also are there no two intellects the same, and dreams of the poet notwithstanding, there are no two hearts that beat as one. As mentioned in our last number, instrumental music does not carry the subject of quality of sentiment or emotion to the heart, but only awakens what lies latent in that recess. Mendelssohn was at times sentimental and wrote the famous "songs without words," but he was careful to give them suggestive names, as "Consolation," etc., else we fear "Consolation" might have been taken by the pessimist for desolation. But this must not be taken as a disparagement of these master pieces.

Each composition may be traced back to an animating *cause*. Some writers appeal to intellect and others to the emotions. Each has his reward. The creations of the former class are deliberately manufactured, constructed; for in this is their excellence. They are generally correct by rule, elaborate, and sometimes artistic. They are usually highly spoken of by those who like them, and by many who do not, but who think it the proper thing to do.

Compositions of the latter class are spontaneous, sometimes crude, but always sincere. By many people they are highly prized. By others they are treated with contempt, and despised for their simplicity.

There are masters who combine the emotional and the intellectual. If not elaborate beyond the comprehension of the amateur they are liked by all classes. If they touch the sentimental side of the horse-thief, he feels happy that he has the horse and was not caught.

Even the callous heart of the professional society woman feels glad in her soul that she has caused a thousand heart pangs of envy in as many foolish girls. The sincerely religious feel like singing "praise God from whom all blessings flow." The old toper has shaken his tattered rags many a time and oft to the stirring appeals of "The Little Brown Jug," and the Salvation Army has shouted hallelujah for sinners saved, to the very same tune. Facility, or technic, has had great honors in times past. Society has tumbled over itself to do it honor, but in these days the mechanical piano can make Paderewski look like "the boy the calf ran over." The perfect rendering of sentimental music's the song sung with feeling. The words lead the intelligence and the voice appeals to the heart. "Cupid hath no arrow in all his quivers choice." etc. In song composition the music should grow out of the sense of the words. They are suggestive and classify the sentiment, but there is no instrument that communicates with the heart like the human voice.

Let us not despise the simple song.

THE STORY OF APOLLO'S HARP.

Composers have been accused of being confirmed kleptomaniacs. It has not been proven that this propensity reaches to other commodities than the ideas of each other. It is, perhaps quite difficult in creating a new piece to steer clear of what has already been written. When one composer complains that another has poached on his own ideas, it is no certainty that he did not get them from some one before him.

We would not say for anything that such a propensity is hereditary, and the following little story from Greek mythology of the origin of Apollo's harp, in the language of Uncle Jasper, "has no allusion to reference."

"Early in the morning long ago, in a cave of the great Kyllenian hill, lay the new-born babe Hermes, the son of Zeus and Maia. The cradle-clothes were scarcely stirred by his soft breathing while he slept as peacefully as the children of mortal mothers. But the sun had not driven his fiery chariot half over the heavens when the babe arose from his sacred cradle and stepped forth from his dark cavern. Before his threshold a tortoise fed lazily on the grass, and when the child saw it he laughed merrily. "Ah, this is luck, indeed," he said; 'whence hast thou come, pretty creature, with thy bright, speckled shell? Thou art mine now, and I must take thee into my cave. It is better to be under shelter than out of doors; and though there may be some use in thee while thou livest, it will comfort thee to think that thou wilt sing sweetly when thou art dead.' So the child Hermes took up his treasure in both arms and carried it into his cavern. There he took an iron probe and pierced out the life of the tortoise; and quick as thought he drilled holes in its shell, and fixed in them reed-canes. Then across the shell he fastened a piece of ox-hide, and with seven sheep-gut cords he finished the making of his lyre. Presently he struck it with the bow and a wave of sweet music swelled out upon the air. Like the merry songs of youths and maidens as they sport in village feasts, rose the song of the child Hermes. His eyes laughed slyly as he sang of the loves of Zeus and Maia, and how he

himself was born of the mighty race of the Gods. Still he sang on, telling of all he saw around him in the home of the nymph his mother; but all the while as he sang, his mind was pondering on other things; and when the song was ended he went forth from the cave like a thief in the night on his wily errand."

To follow the little thief through the whole story would take too much space, so we will condense it. The youngster stole fifty head of Apollo's cattle and drove them off to a far distant wood and crept back into his little couch before daylight. His mother coming in soon after took him to task like this: "Whither hast thou wandered in the dark night? Crafty rogue, mischief will be thy ruin. The son of Leto (Apollo) will soon be here, and carry thee away bound in chains not easily broken. Out of my sight, little wretch, born to worry the blessed gods and plague the race of men." The kid, however, was not at all bluffed by the information, and came back at his mother with defiance, in which he wound up like this: "I shall try my luck against Apollo, for I mean to be his peer. If Zeus my father take not up my cause, I will see what I can do for myself. If I may not have honor in Olympus I can at least be the prince of thieves." Apollo, learning the situation of things, appeared at the bedside of the young composer, and opened the argument like this: "Wily babe, where are my cows? If thou wilt not tell me, then I will hurl thee down to the gloomy Tartaros, to the land of darkness, where thy kingdom shall only be over the ghosts of men." "Ah!" said Hermes, "these are dreadful words, indeed, but why dost thou chide me thus, and why come here to look for cows? I cannot tell where they are, and could not get the reward if one were offered for discovering them." In short, they took the matter before Zeus, and the little thief ably defended himself against Apollo, but Zeus decided that he must show Apollo the cattle. On the way Apollo decided that this child was going to be dangerous in years to come and concluded not to let him live. He seized him and bound him with willows, which the child snapped asunder in the instant. Hermes sought a place in vain to hide himself, and was in great fear until he thought of his tortoise-shell lyre. With bow he touched the strings, and the wave of song swelled out upon the air more full and sweet than ever. He sang of the undying gods and the dark earth, how it was made at the first, and how to each of the gods his own appointed portion was given, 'til the heart of Apollo was filled with a mighty longing, and he spake unto Hermes and said, "Cattle-thief, wily rogue, thy song is worth fifty head of cattle. We will settle our strife by and by. Meanwhile tell me was this wondrous gift of song born with thee, or hast thou it as a gift from God or mortal man? Never on Olympus from those who cannot die have I heard such strains as these. They who hear thee may have what they will, be it mirth, or love, or sleep. Great is thy power, and great shall be thy renown, and by my cornel staff I swear that I will not stand in the way of thy honor or deceive thee in any wise." Then said Hermes: "I grudge thee not my skill, son of Leto, for I seek but thy friendship. Thou knowest the mind of Zeus, thou canst declare his will, and reveal what is stored up in times to come for gods or men. This knowledge I fain would have, but this day my power of song shall be thine. Take my lyre, the soother of the wearied, the sweet companion in hours of sorrow, or of feasting. To those who come skilled in its language, it can discourse sweetly of all things, and drive away all thoughts that annoy, and cares that vex the soul. To those who touch it, not knowing how to draw forth its speech, it will babble strange nonsense, and rave with uncertain meanings. Wherefore now let us feed the herds together, and with our care they shall strive and multiply. There is no more cause for anger."

So saying the babe held out the lyre and Apollo took it. In return he gave the child a glittering scourge and the charge over all his flocks and herds. He then touched the chords of the lyre and filled the air with sweet music, and they both took their way to Olympus and Zeus was glad that they were friends, and that the wrath of Apollo had passed away.

But Phoebus dreaded yet the wiles of Hermes, and said: "I fear me much, child of Maia, that in time to come thou wilt steal both my harp and my bow, and take away my honor among men. Swear to me by the dark river of Styx thou wilt never do me wrong." Then Hermes bowed his head and swore never to steal anything from Apollo. So was the love of Apollo for Hermes made sure, and Hermes hath his place amongst all the deathless gods and dying men. Nevertheless the sons of men have from him no great gain, for all night long he vexes them with his treacherous wiles."

So ends the story of the beginning of music composition, considering which, is it any wonder that composers are prone to appropriate another's ideas, with this hereditary taint, and with Hermes working mischief in their minds.

NEW YORK LETTER.

To the Intermezzo: As we have not been assassinated for our previous letters, I will try again. Not being a native of the city, and consequently not hopelessly inoculated with Yorkophobia, I am still able to see the incongruous and the funny side of life here. Of course it's the greatest city of the country—in population, wealth, poverty and sorrow. It is the home of millionaires, who dally with this country's wealth like a kitten with a ball of string. If politics don't go to suit then, if bills, are introduced looking to curb their greed, they threaten, and can bring on a panic that would break half of the well-to-do people in this country and reduce 10,000,000 people to starvation. Oh, for a graduated income tax. In society matters New York is "it." The delirium has struck the army. Last week Lieutenant Taylor, on taking his seat in the parquet of one of the theaters, discovered Sergeant Butler sitting directly in front of him, and near some people whom the lieutenant new *socially*. The lieutenant ordered him away, although Sergeant Butler had paid for his seat. Is there an equal for this snob in the cast-ridden land of Russia? He should be reduced to the ranks and detailed to cook for the company. Any person, the food of whose soul is *recognized* superiority, is within of low and groveling nature. New York's very swellest professional society would glow with glee at the bare recognition of the nobiilty of Europe, and would fall down and lick the feet of royalty. The lieutenant spoken of feels like a slave in the presence of his colonel, and a general is his God.

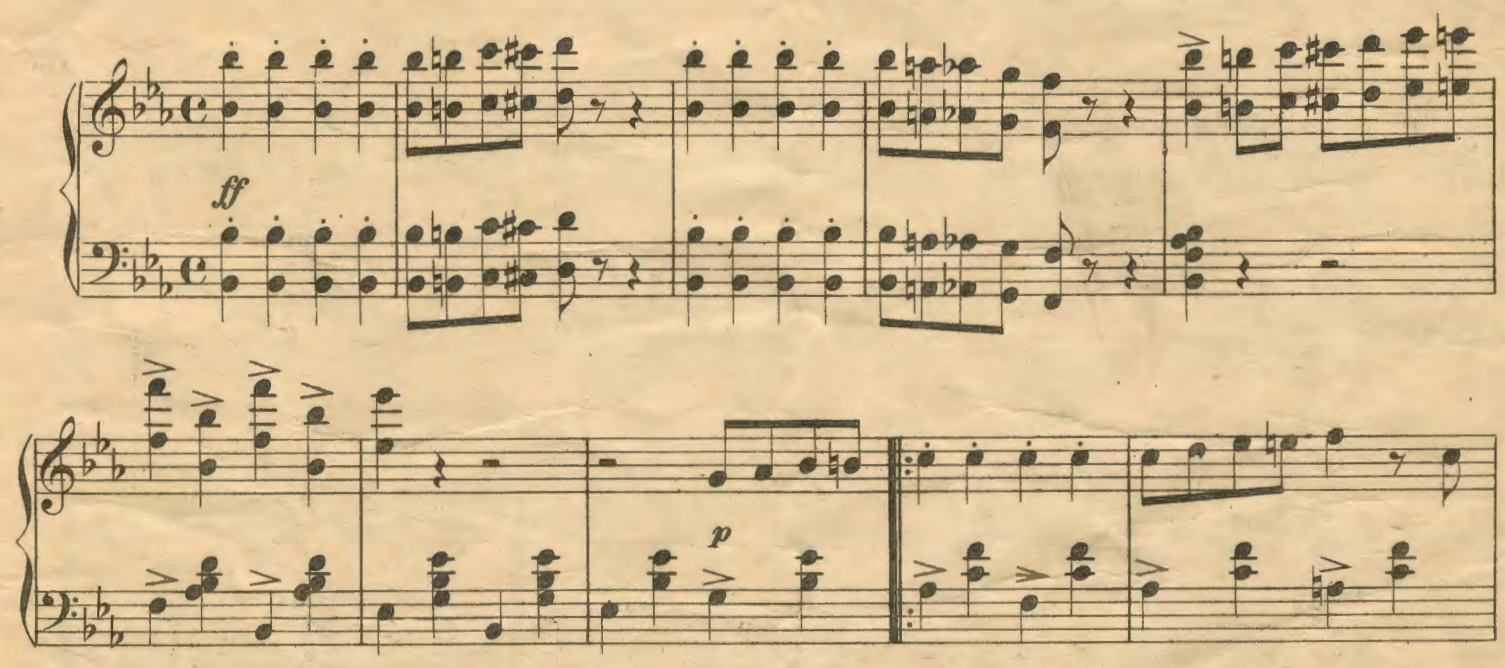
"Hypocrisy is the compliment that vice pays to virtue." The very absence of true nobility in a soul causes it to worship this quality and strive for pre-eminence. The higher qualites in humanty are not ostentatious, and do not keep a press agent.

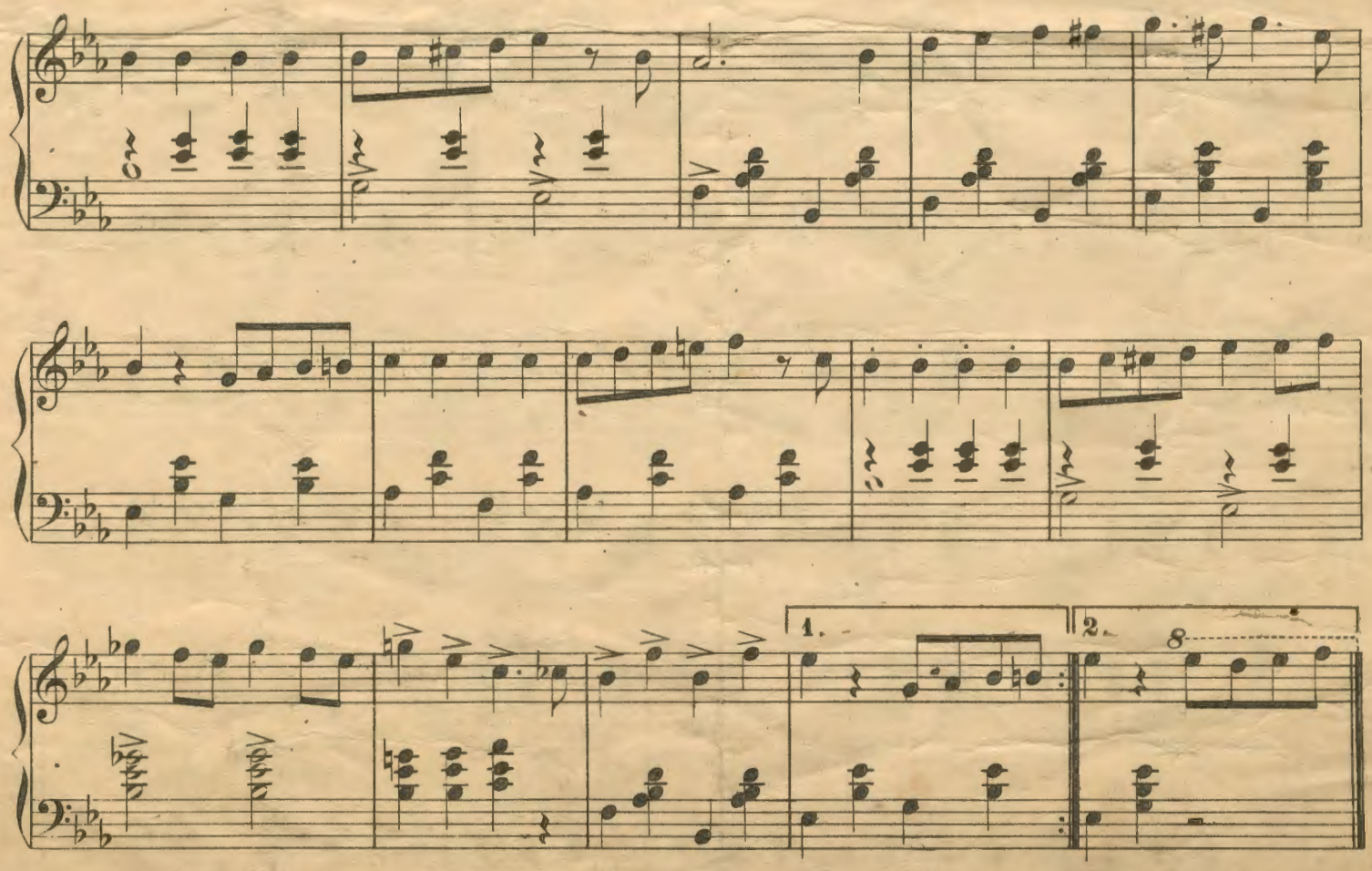
There are 100 theaters in and about New York, and they are all well patronized. If you desire a ticket for any of the best attractions, you must get it weeks ahead. Tickets are bought up by speculators and are resold at a great advance—sometimes at $50 each. St. Louis has its Little Italy and its Kerry Patch, but if you want to see a motley bunch just gaze

MISSOURI NATIONAL GUARDS.

MARCH.

E. J. STARK.





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f

1.

2.

Trio.

ff

p

p

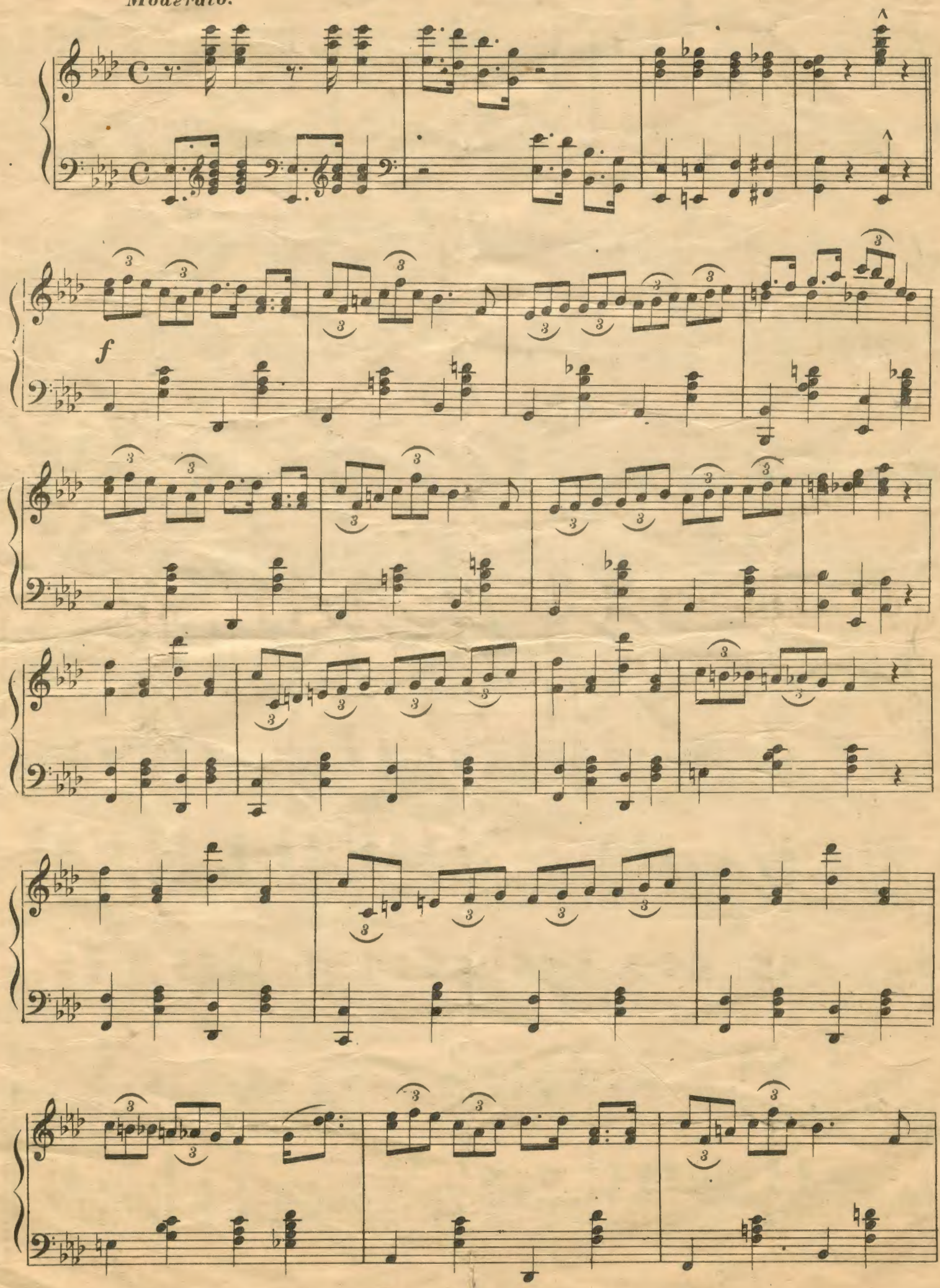
1. 2. ff mf ff p cresc. f 8va f ff Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. cresc. fff Ped. Ped. Ped. 1. 2. fz Ped.

DAINTY FOOT.

Dance Characteristic.

By CARRIE BRUGGEMAN.

Moderato.



sf

f

Fine.

D. F.

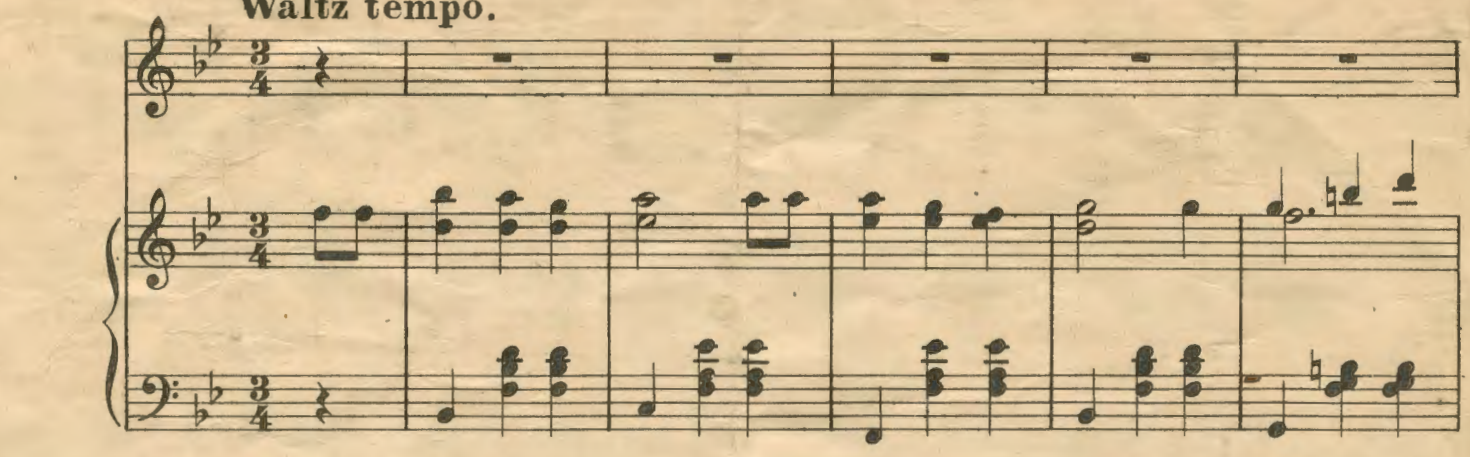
JEAN.

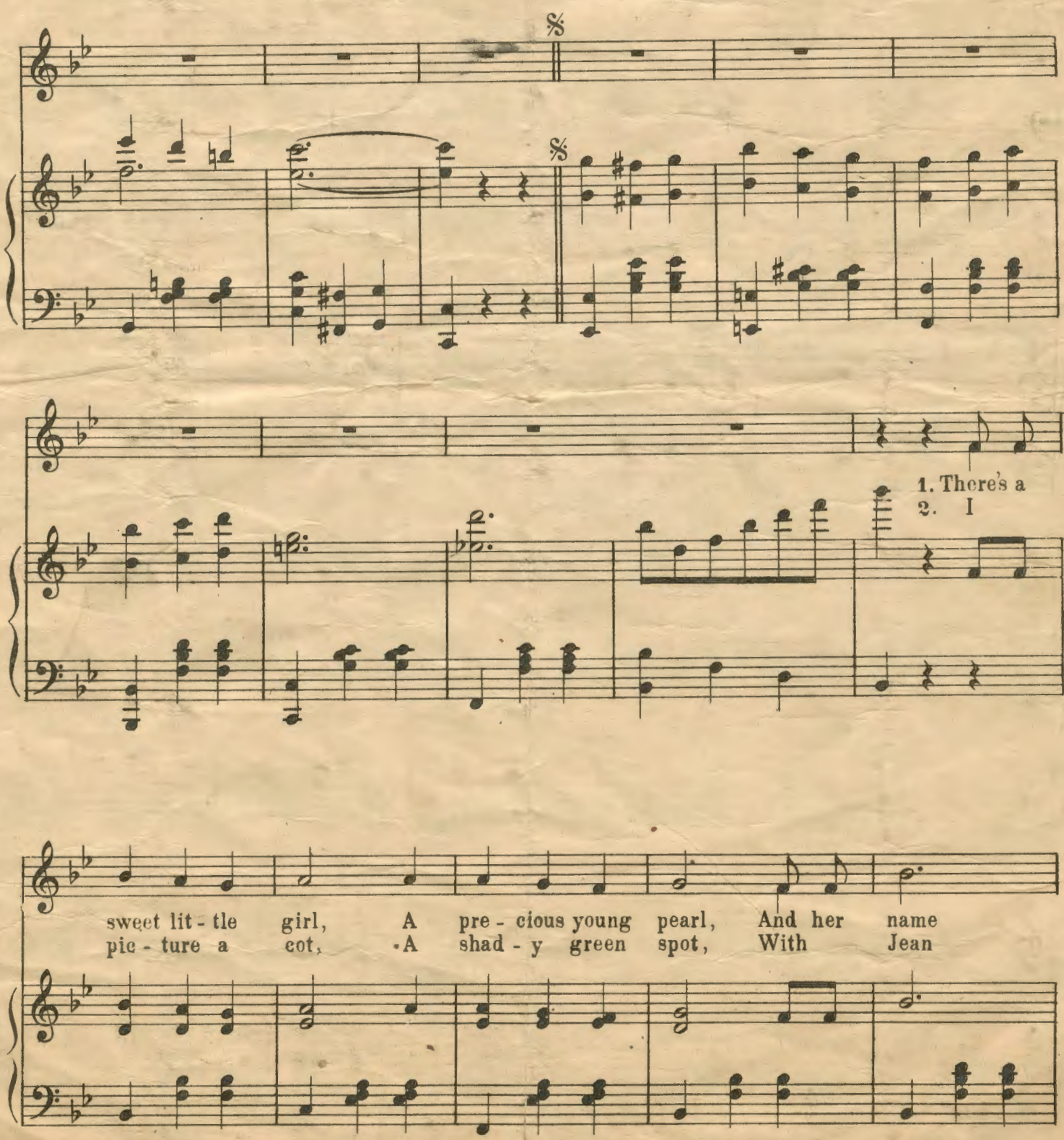
Words and Music by

W. A. CRAUSE.

INTRO.

Waltz tempo.





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is Jean Cheeks like a rose-bud And pret-ty blue
and I Liv - ing the fu - ture Like two tur-tle

eyes, The bright - est I've seen, I know she loves
doves, In the sweet bye and bye, When we're old and

me, 'Tis plain - ly to see, And some day I hope she'll be
gray, In a far dis-tant day, I'll love my Jean more and

mine I can't help but love her And wait for her
more For - ev - er and ev - er We'll trav - el to -

an-swer To name the time.
geth-er And I'll al - ways a - dore.

rall.

CHORUS.

Jean, Jean, Jean ____ You're my Queen,

Queen, Queen, ____ You are the sweet-est, Tru - est and

dear - est girl I've seen, ____ Jean,

Jean, Jean ____ You're a dream, dream, dream, ____

Say that you'll al - ways be My lit - tle girl - ie My Queen,

1 2

Jean, Jean. ____ Jean. ____

WHEN I MARRY MY SUE.

Words & Music by
A. DON. STOCKER.

Introduction.

f *P dim.* *rit.*

Andante moderato.

1. Now the au - tumn leaves are fall - ing, seems to me all na - ture's call - ing
2. Neath a sil - ver ma - ples shade, is the home that I have made for

Sue, my dar - ling Sue. Pret - ty lit - tle maid,
Sue, my dar - ling Sue. Work-ing ev - ry day,

dain - ty lit - tle maid, all my heart is filled with love for you.
sav - ing all my pay, built this co - zy dove cote for us two.

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One bright Sun - day I first met her. Ah, I knew I'd ne'er for - get my
Tho' it's small, it's neat and nice, and will seem a par - a - dise with

Sue, my dar - ling Sue. For her pret - ty face,
Sue, my dar - ling Sue. Work will seem like play;

sim - ple, win - ning grace, some - how thrill'd me with a feel - ing new.
dull care pass a - way; when I wed my pret - ty sweet heart true.

REFRAIN.

Joy bells will ring out mer - ri - ly, when I mar - ry my Sue. It

Con animato.

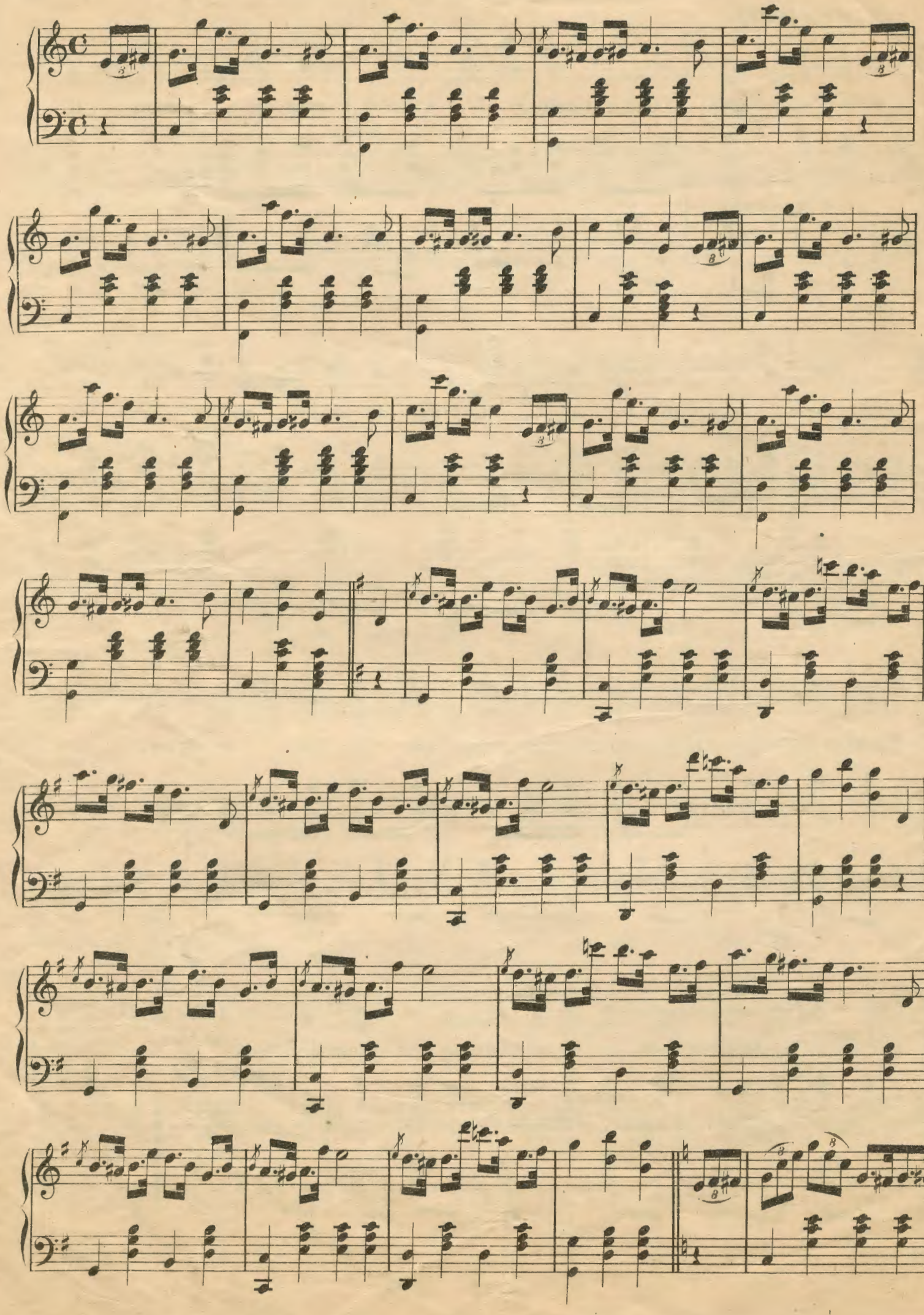
must be___ a dream, to me___ it seems too good___ to be true.

Brides-maids and pret - ty flow-er girls, all in fine ar - ray. Our

friends will___ be there from ev' - ry where, my wed - ding day. day.

ROSE SCHOTTISCH

COMPOSED BY *E. ROSE BESLY.*



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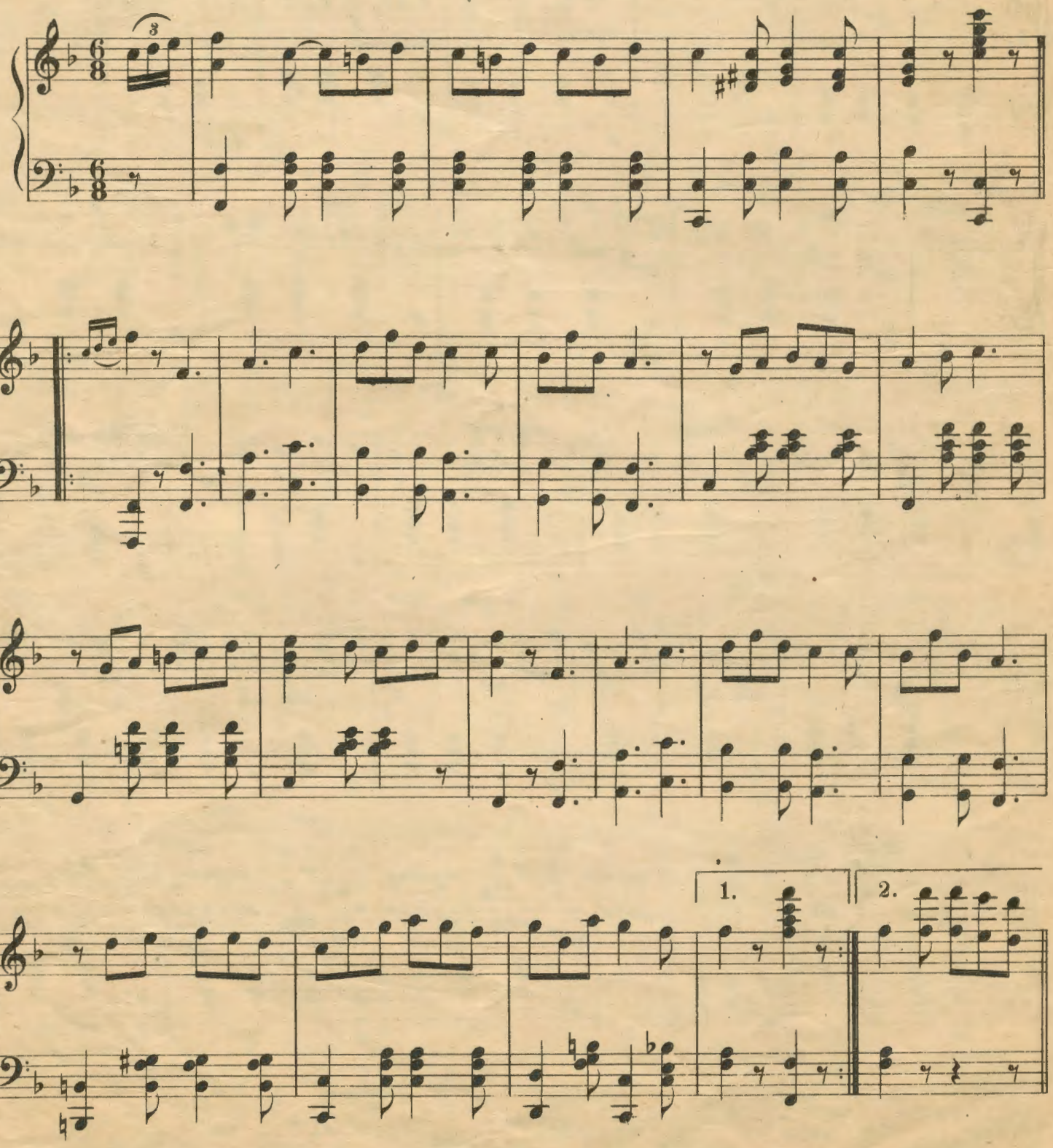
THE GOLDEN GATE

TWO STEP.

BURTON McKAY.



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1. 2.

TRIO.

Dance or Walk.

1. 2.

1. 2.

on New York's 4,000,000. Every nation under the sun has its colony. You can travel until you are tired and never hear a word of English. There are 600,000 Jews here, and of a class not seen in the smaller towns. On the East Side you may go block after block with the same characteristics. People were boiling green corn on the streets and children were sitting on the curb eating it. Papers on the newsstands were printed in Jewish characters, and it is hard to realize that this is the land of George Washington. Of course, these foreign sections are a weary waste to the music business in any form. Take the city all over and there are not so many pianos as there are in proportion to population in St. Louis or in other western cities. It is true they have Damrosch here, but then St. Louis has the Hot Time Minstrels. O, very well, I guess it's about a standoff. We will tell you about music next time.

ANON.

HIS HAPPY RETURN.

It was Old Home Week, and the returned sons and grandsons had been telling with more or less pride of the changes time had wrought for them. At last Edward Jameson spoke:

"I went away from here twenty years ago a poor young man, with only one solitary dollar in my pocket. I walked the four miles from my father's farm to the station, and there I begged a ride to Boston on a freight car. Last night I drove into town behind a spirited pair of horses, and my purse—guess how much my purse holds in money today, besides a large check," and Mr. Jameson looked about him with a brilliant smile.

"Fifty dollars!"

"Seventy-five.

"A hundred!" shouted the boys, filled with admiration.

"No," said Mr. Jameson, drawing a large flat purse from his pocket when the clamor had subsided, "none of you have guessed right. When I had paid the twenty-five cents to Ozzy Boggs for my refreshing drive in the coach I had, besides my trunk check (which I retained for financial reasons), exactly four cents. I have come back, my friends, to stay. Any little jobs of sawing and splitting will be gratefully received."
—Youth's Companion.

REAL ASSISTANCE.

The small son of a clergyman who was noted for his tiresome sermons overheard two friends of his father saying how dry they were and how hard it was to keep awake during service. The following Sunday while the minister was preaching he was astounded to see his son throwing pebbles at the congregation from the gallery. The clergyman frowned angrily at him, when the boy piped out in a clear treble voice:

"It's all right, pop. You go on preaching. I'm keeping them awake."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A DISSERTATION ON GIRLS.

A girl is a kid what will some day grow up to be a woman stead of a man if she is kareful an aint kiled by a oughtermobeile or dont die death from other natchel coses. You kin allus tell the difrance between a boy an a girl becos she puts on ares an has culs an dont get holes in the nees of her stockins or kalus on her thum from shootin marbles fer keeps.

Girls is funny children. They get sore on a feller when he kisses em an they sometimes gets sore cause he dont kiss em. How kin a feller tell what to do? I dont know. Ive knowed a pile of girls in my time an their all jest the same ceptin the color of there hare an eyes an the dresses what they ware.

Girls favorit fun is chewin gum an tattlin to there mothers. They also enjoys ice cream sody when they kin get it. I wouldn't be a girl for ennything becos they cant never be a base ball pitcher or president of these united states of america. Girls look nice when they is dressed an in the parler but they aint no fun playin fer they is allus afrade of gettin dirty or gettin there hare pulled.

Girls is afrade of mice rats bugs an freckels an last years close. Girls is certain funny sometimes but I think mebbe they will get better when they grows up. Farther says young spiruts does get better with age.—I. Newton Greene.

WHERE HE GETS HIS.

Applicant (at the pearly gates): May I come in?

St. Peter: What business were you engaged in while on earth?

Applicant: I owned several apartment houses, and——

St. Peter (interrupting): Sorry, but I'm afraid the children here would annoy you. Go bump the bumps.—Chicago Daily News.

A RISK OF THE DESERT.

Old-timer (to newcomer in the Nevada Desert): Young feller, let me give ye a pointer that allus works in this hyer desert of ourn. Take my advice an' yer safe fer sartin. When ye're lost and pretty nigh all in, why, friend, jest simply foller the first wagon track ye come to. Don't never double back on it, but keep pegging along in one direction—one direction, mind ye; that's the important thing, and ye'll shore come to water—unless, (after a pause and a solemn stroke of his goatee) unless the outfit that made that there track perished ahead of ye."

There is one young woman in Burkesville, Ky., whose benevolent disposition received a severe shock last Sunday evening. She was at church, and sat directly behind a tall, well-dressed stranger with a ravelling hanging in his collar.

Being one of those generous-hearted, whole-souled girls who grow up to be motherly old ladies, a friend of everybody in town, she thought how glad she would be if some kind-hearted girl would do as much for her father were he to go to church with a ravelling hanging down his back. So when the audience rose for the first hymn she concluded to pick it off.

Carefully raising her hand she gave a little twitch, but it was longer than she supposed, and a foot or more appeared. Setting her teeth she gave a pull and about a yard of the horrible thread hung down his back. This was getting embarrassing, but, determined, she gave it another yank and discovered that she was unravelling his undershirt.—Exchange.

A temperance lecturer was giving an address in Keene, and, to impress upon his audience the superiority of water over alcohol, he reminded them of the story of Dives and Lazarus. The lecturer pointed out how, when Dives was in hades, he did not ask for beer or wine or spirits, but for one drop of water.

"Now, my friends," said the lecturer, "what does that show us?"

A voice from the back of the hall instantly replied: "It shows us where you temperance people go to."—Boston Herald.

A PREVIOUS APOLOGY.

"So sorry not to have heard your lecture last night," said the loquacious lady. "I know I missed a treat; everybody says it was great!"

"How did they find out?" asked Mr. Frockcoat. "The lecture, you know, was postponed."—Detroit Free Press.

WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES.

Jerry: Why did Stella break her engagement with you?

Tom: Merely because I stole a kiss.

"She must be crazy, to object to having her fiance steal a kiss from her."

"Oh, I didn't steal it from her."—Translated for Tales from "Familie-Journal."

You can make all the motors run some of the time, and some of the motors all the time; but you can't make all the motors run all of the time.—Harvard Lampoon.

A RAILROAD POINT OF VIEW.

Little Clarence, who is the son of a railroad man, saw a daschund for the first time the other day, and remarked: "I don't see how that dog can go round in a circle very long without having a rear-end collision."

She: So you really imagine that smoking benefits you?

He: I know it does. My mother-in-law leaves the room the minute I light my pipe.—Exchange.

Agent: I'd like to sell you this bottle of mosquito exterminator.

Mr. Jackson: No, sir-ee! I'm a manufacturer of mosquito netting.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

DIVIDED.

"She married a Mormon, didn't she?"

"Well, she took an eighth interest in one."

President Eliot of Harvard, when a young man, ordered a bottle of hock in a Boston restaurant, saying as he did so: "Here, waiter, bring me a bottle of hock—hic, hac, hoc!" The waiter, who had been to college, smiled but never stirred. "What are you standing there for?" exclaimed the professor, "didn't I order some hock?"

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, "you ordered it, but you afterward declined it."—Troy Times.

When the general reader turns to the musical column of a weekly journal he neither expects nor desires to find a mere epitome of the week's doings. The ups and downs of the various performers have been already itemized, catalogued, inventoried, dissected (call it what you will), and have also been more or less lavishly lauded, or more or less mercilessly mangled, by the pensters of the daily press.

It is, doubtless, quite possible that these daily lucubrations could be improved upon, seeing that they are, with rare exceptions, the veriest taradiddle or trite twiddle-twaddle. They must be so, in the very nature of things; and I am not casting the slightest reflection upon the critics in enunciating this fact in such positive fashion. All the possible adjectival changes have been rung until they are fit only for the scrap heap—until, indeed, the stomach turns at the very sight of them. All practical phraseology has been turned and twisted and tormented until it has run to dry rot—until, indeed, a still sane world feels strongly tempted to spit upon it in sheer contempt.

"Mary Mudge displayed the same marvelous technical control in her arpeggio work that we have before remarked upon." Did she? Well, who cares? I suppose Mary Mudge does, and perhaps her teacher, Mr. Little-Dodge, may have some interest in the matter. But, outside of these two, of what moment is it? In what possible way can it be of any importance to the musical world at large?

We are after different fish from these; and, hooking them, we either head them again for deeper waters, in order that they may, perchance, grow into better fish and bigger fish, or roast them and toast them and paste them and baste them gently and kindly (a little on this side and a little on that) as seemeth best to us, and in our own way.

A quack doctor whose treatment had evidently led to the death of his patient was examined sternly by the coroner.

"What did you give the poor fellow?" asked the coroner.

"Ipecacuanha, sir."

"You might just as well have given him the aurora borealis," said the coroner.

"Well, sir, that's just what I was going to give him when he died."—New York Tribune.

She—And do you think it's possible for a man to love two girls at the same time?

He—Oh, yes; provided it isn't also at the same place.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A REGARD FOR APPEARANCE.

A milliner endeavored to sell to a colored woman one of the last season's hats at a very moderate price. It was a big white picture-hat.

"Law, no, honey!" exclaimed the woman. "I could nevah wear that. I'd look jes' like a blueberry in a pan of milk."

THE WRONG KIND OF A BABY.

In a certain home where the stork recently visited there is a six-year-old son of inquiring mind. When he was first taken in to see the new arrival he exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, it hasn't any teeth! And no hair!" Then, clasping his hands in despair, he cried: "Somebody has done us! It's an old baby!"

Obadiah—I'll never vote fer that Congressman of our'n agin.

Bill—Why, he allus kep' his promises and he's one of the smartest men in the whole blamed country.

"I don't keer if he's smart as Daniel Webster. There ain't been a single durn one of his pumpkin seeds come up yit."—Indianapolis Star.

"That poet didn't make a dollar out of his great epic poem?"

"Exactly."

"And his 'Ode to America' fell flat?"

"That's what."

"Well, how is it he rides in an automobile now?"

"My friend, he's the author of a popular song entitled, 'My Honey's Black ez de Chimbly-back Jump-Crow in de Mawnin'!"

It is said that Henry W. Savage has secured American rights for Puccini's "Madame Butterfly," which will probably be produced here in English in the near future.

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